

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

VOLUME LXII--NO. 3.

SACRAMENTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 11,935.

ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST.

Good Racing at Grass Valley, Willows and Santa Rosa.

MORE ABOUT MARSHAL NAGLE.

Lieutenant-Governor H. C. Davis of Nevada Drops Dead in His Garden of Heart Disease.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

IRRIGATION.

The Arid Land Committee Will Arrive in California To-day.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23d.—The Arid Land Committee will arrive overland to-morrow, and the members of the State Board of Trade will meet the committee to-morrow. The members of this important Government Commission are William M. Stewart, of Nevada; Chairman; P. B. Plumb, of Kansas; William B. Allison, of Iowa; Frank Hiscock, of New York; Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland; John H. Bondurant, of Texas, and James K. Jones, of Arkansas.

The object of the committee is to make an examination of the so-called arid lands of the country—fertile lands which require only the presence of water to make them surprisingly fruitful—with a view of reporting to Congress upon the advisability of continuing the experiments that have been made, and will be kept to the benefit of the people who reside, or shall reside, within the reach of their waters. That this work will be continued, and all the basins that can be made use of for irrigating purposes saved to the people, will undoubtedly be done by the examinations made by the Arid Land Committee.

The committee began its labors on August 1st, and all of the subsequent investigations made seem only to have strengthened the convictions of its members, if one can judge from the reports received, as to the benefits to be derived from carrying out the idea of irrigation which caused the appointment. It has visited Nevada and South Dakota, the Yellowstone Valley, Idaho, Washington Territory, Utah and Nevada. A few points in the Sierra in California were visited during the past few days.

The work of the Geological Survey, which will probably be continued and perhaps extended on the recommendation of the committee, is briefly set forth by Senator Stewart, as follows:

"Private persons could not make these surveys. Aside from the expense there would be no way to recoup the surveyors for their work, and no man had the money to go to the mountains to bring water to it. He is only working for himself and does the job in such a way that it interferes with the possible irrigation of a thousand other farms. The Government surveys will correct this. They will point out how to take the sites to best advantage, and will reserve from private owners the water rights and catchment basins. All that the Geological Survey will do is to find out how the land can be irrigated, save the water and leave the rest to private enterprise. The work of this committee has been concerned with the preparation of data for a report on the facts. We have inspected lands and watershed taken testimony and received reports that were prepared in anticipation of our visit."

THE NAGLE CASE.

Mrs. Terry Has a Closed Interview With the District Attorney.

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GLUT OF MELONS.

The Cons. at San Quentin Treated to Cantaloupes—Fons Thrown Away.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23d.—Another glut of cantaloupes occurred yesterday, the steamer "Owando" and "Aurora" landing about 200 cases each at the Fisherman's wharf. The commission merchants tried hard to get fifty cents a crate for them from the dealers, as at that figure there is a slight profit. It was impossible, and nearly all that were sent went at twenty-five cents a crate. At 8 o'clock, the market price for closing dates, about 500 crates had been disposed of.

The last firm could not dispose of them as they placed 234 crates on the steamer for San Quentin and sent them up as a present to the convicts in the State penitentiary, where they cannot fail to be a welcome addition to the "bait" table. The contents of the remaining 600 crates were thrown overboard, and during the rest of the day the small boys and the vagrants and loungers along the docks were engaged in feasting on melons which they drew from the bay.

DENTAL EXAMINERS.

The Next Meeting to be Held the Third Tuesday in October.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23d.—The State Dental Association concluded its labors last night after a three-days' session. During the examination of candidates for the full Board was present during the entire session. Eleven applications for examination were received, but only seven were successful in passing, as follows: G. W. Smith, San Francisco; Barbara; Stanley D. Newton, San Francisco; Milton R. Gambetz, San Francisco; W. D. Ladd, San Bernardino; Ernest Preng, M. D., San Francisco; D. F. McGraw, San Jose, and F. H. Rainey, of San Jacinto.

The annual election of officers for the coming year resulted in the choice of Dr. J. J. O'Donnell, San Francisco, as President, and W. T. Griswold, for Secretary, both gentlemen receiving a unanimous vote.

The next meeting was appointed to be held on the third Tuesday of October at the office of the Secretary, 1101 Van Ness avenue.

REDDING RACES.

Street-Car Time Made by Nelmont and Magic—Successful Fair.

REDDING, August 23d.—The attendance at the fair to-day was nearly equal to the best day, and there will be a jam at the Pavilion to-night, as it is the close, and the awards will be made. The grand stand at the races, was not as crowded as yesterday, was filled with more youthful gayety, fashion and beauty, and the amusements exceeded any other day.

The first race was trotting, two in three,

between Nelmont and Magi. Nelmont won the first heat. Time, 4:35. The judges not being satisfied with Nelmont's driver, took him down, and put the horse in the hands of Charles Fourier, of Red Bluff. Mr. Shattock, the owner, was present, and ejected, whereupon the judges told him that as long as the horse was on the track he was in possession of the Association, and the change must be made. The second heat was won by Nelmont. Time, 3:30.

The bicycle race, one-quarter mile and repeat, and three entries: J. S. Thompson, E. C. Miller and C. H. Miller. Miller won the first heat. Time, 1:11. Thompson won the next two heats. Time, 1:11 and 1:09.

In the novelty race the entries were Johnny Allen, Catisha and Menlo. Catisha was first at the quarter; time, 25. Catisha first at the half; time, 52. Menlo first at the three-quarters; time, 1:20. Menlo won the final heat, 1:24.

A foot-race of 100 yards was run by Wash, Harding and Indian Jim. Harding won. Time, 1:24.

The management of the fair and races has been such that many say they will have a much better one next year.

GRASS VALLEY.

Painkiller Wins a Race—The Sports Out of Luck.

GRASS VALLEY, August 23d.—To-day's races called out between three and four thousand people. The first race was running, a mile and repeat, for a purse of \$400. Entries—Sidney St. Lucas and Menlo. Sidney won the lead early in the race, the best flyers in the country. The premiums are much larger than heretofore. The fair will be held from the 3d to the 7th of September.

The officers have returned from the search for the convict who escaped from the Carson prison. He is in the mountains near Carson City, following the South Fork of the American river, and has been seen frequently.

Judge Williams left to-day for St. Louis on business. Judge Arnott will fill his place during his absence.

name he refused to give accidentally discharged a gun with the above result.

Sarah Althea Terry arrived here this evening from Fresno and put up at the Lick House. She refused to be interviewed by reporters.

Placerville Pickings.

PLACERVILLE, August 23d.—The coming fair is the all-absorbing topic. Every inch of space in the pavilion has been taken. The management are securing more room, and premium tables will be distributed in premiums, and purses. The fair will be all filled with the best flyers in the country. The premiums are much larger than heretofore. The fair will be held from the 3d to the 7th of September.

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A Plot Foiled.

HIS Visit to Indiana and Ohio—Back to Deer Park.

WALLA WALLA (W. T.), August 23d.—Warden Edmiston, of the Washington State Penitentiary, left to-day for a general delivery of the condemned. A man named Dunson was caught working on a key which fitted the outside door perfectly. In the cell was found two more keys, one for the inside door and the other opens the route to the depot. At the depot again was enacted the scene of Wednesday night. The crowd was dense and many would-passengers were unable to get through to catch the regular trains. The crowd was held outside by an iron railing, and many of the passengers were unable to get through to catch the regular trains. The party consists of the President, his son-in-law, R. S. McKee and Miss McKee, Attorney General Miller, Secretary Halford, and Daniel Russell, Marshal of the District of Columbia.

WILLOW'S RACES.

WILLOWS, August 23d.—The fourth day of the Willocks' races, the distance was equal to any previous day, for a purse of \$400. Entries—Sidney St. Lucas and Menlo. Sidney won the lead early in the race, the best flyers in the country. The premiums are much larger than heretofore. The fair will be held from the 3d to the 7th of September.

The first race was a trotting of a mile and a quarter. There were three entries. It was won by Johnnie Grey in 2:16.

The second race, buggy horses, a mile and a quarter, was won by Sleepy Dick in three straight heats. Time, 3:19, 2:53 and 2:46.

The fourth, a special half-mile and repeat race, was won by Ed Morgan. Time, 1:24. The horsemen and professional sports are heavy losers so far.

SANTA ROSA.

Daisy D. Runs a Mile in 1:43, Defeating Wild Oats.

SANTA ROSA, August 23d.—A large crowd attended the races this afternoon. The sun shone warm and bright, but the temperature was modified by a cool breeze from the bay. Betting was heavy, and pools selling lively.

First of the programme was a running race, mile, three in five, for a purse of \$300. Entries—Sidney St. Lucas and Menlo. Sidney won the lead early in the race, the best flyers in the country. The premiums are much larger than heretofore. The fair will be held from the 3d to the 7th of September.

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BAY BREEZES.

Small Shot—A Day's Doings at the Metropolis.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23d.—Judge Lawyer to-day set aside the divorce recently granted to Thomas J. Cox from Caroline C. Cox.

Men Saylor and J. F. McCleery have arranged for a match game of billiards, to take place within thirty days, for \$500 a side.

DRUGSTORE FIRE AT THE NAGLE CASE.

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IN BAJA CALIFORNIA.

ON THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF OUR CONTINENT.

Strange Things to be Seen on Land and Sea—Our Correspondent Travels in a "Coach."

I Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.] LA PAZ (L. C.), August 1, 1889.

Before bidding this old Capital a final adios, we determined to view its suburbs and environs. Mentioning the wish to our friendly entertainers, horses were immediately placed at our disposal, it being taken for granted that the expedition would be made after the universal fashion of the natives, in the saddle. But one can have quite enough of that method of locomotion in the rural districts, and in traversing the long stretches of unoccupied country between centers, without choosing it in cities.

Inquiry for a carriage was met with looks of blank amazement and an expression on everybody's face that seemed to say, "What singular creatures? Are these Americans?" But so polite are these hospitable Californians, that had we asked for a dromedary, an effort would have been made to gratify us. After days of delay, a four-wheeled vehicle—here *encoche*, probably—only came from the southern peninsula—was finally secured.

According to Scripture, it would be no sin to worship that alleged "coach"—it being not in the likeness of anything above or below, and to be appreciated it must be seen—or rather ridden in. An unpainted box long and narrow like a piano case, entire guiltless of springs, mounted high above four ponderous wheels that swayed to and fro, each with an independent motion of its own; three backless benches inside, covered with cow skin (the hair left on in lieu of other cushioning)—the whole concern topped with a canopy of unbleached cloth, and drawn by three mules—a leader in front of two abreast.

Anxious to do his duty by the strangers and prove himself an honest Jehu, the Mexican cochero drove like a lunatic, up hill and down, dole over sand, and boulders, and with the "coach"—cracking his long whip incessantly and making the welkin ring with his "mula-a-a-a-h-h-h." No wonder the natives were astonished at our choice and themselves prefer the saddle—for the way we were bounced about, and battered black and blue, and had our bonnets flattened into shapeless ruins by violent contact with the top of the coach was indeed pitiful.

Except in the vicinity of the landing of the streets of the La Paz seemed literally deserted—save for the dogs, which outnumber the human population three to one.

BIG DOGS AND LITTLE DOGS, Aristocratic canines and mongrels of every description, followed us in ever-increasing crowds, each house contributing its quota—all barking in wildest excitement at the unusual spectacle, and stirring into denser clouds the dust that already enveloped us. A distinctive peculiarity of La Paz is its luxuriant verdure in the midst of desert sands. Every casa is surrounded by many gardens, and the hummocks hat is embowered amid shrubs and flowers, with creepers clinging to its thatch under the shelter of a spreading orange or pomegranate tree.

Wishing to see all sides of life, we accepted every invitation, whether it led among the lofty or the lowly, the rich or the poor, and very pleasant remembrances we shall retain of elegant entertainments in charming homes, and of hospitality no less sweet and cordial though of far humbler character. In the mansion of the wealthiest pearl-merchant we thoroughly enjoyed a ceremonious dinner of fourteen courses, and came away laden with *recuerdos*, or souvenirs, of rare shells and beautiful flowers. In another handsome casa, where we dined and wined amid a polyglot company, speaking French, German, English, and American, we saw the most beautiful creature I ever beheld—Mexican widow, whose wonderfully soft, dark eyes, clear, olive skin and perfect features and figure rendered her a delight to look upon. But, alas! she was 24 years old—an age quite pale in this warm region, where girls marry at 10 or 12. Strange to say, most Mexican gentlemen, to whom the tropical style of beauty is too familiar to excite notice, prefer any lean, flat-footed, billions-complexioned and pale-faced Anglo-Saxon woman, even to the age fifty, to the loveliest girls of their own race. Such is the inexplicable nature of the genus homo in its taste for novelties.

Accompanied by a Mexican matron, we visited some of her friends, whom she described as *my señoras* (well connected) though I knew them not. Through a barber shop we went, through a long empty shed beyond, and then into a stable—where a dozen donkeys were stalled, and a cow and some goats—and out of this ran a rickety flight of stairs to the home above. As in all Mexico, the trades-people of La Paz utilize the lower floor, if they have an upper story, or in any event the front and best rooms, for purposes of trade, their families living contentedly in the rear or above. Despite its unprepossessing entrance and the

DIRT AND DISORDER.

That reigned supreme, the abode to which we were introduced was not one of abject poverty. The family comprised an incredible number of people, considering the cramped space, and more dogs and children than I dared to enumerate; but everybody seemed healthy and happy, and serene in the unshakable conviction that the most desirable spot on earth to live and die in is right here in La Paz. According to custom, small gifts were exchanged between the entertained and enter-tainer, wine and cigarettes were handed around, and a babel of confidential chatter went on amidst clouds of smoke from smoking pipes. The parlor curtains of the Garfield family—the death-bed scene, the coarsest of colored prints, painful enough to disturb the martyred President in his grave—to which, with evident pride, the mistress of the house directed my attention.

The women of this section are noted for doing the most exquisite "drawn work," on linen, after the old Spanish fashion. With infinite patience and a vast expenditure of precious eye-sight, they will work for months on one handkerchief—and then sell it for \$10, Mexican money, each dollar 25 cents less than one ours.

I tried, in vain, to purchase a photograph of some scene in La Paz; but here is a three-hundred-mile city, where there is the most picturesque in existence, which has never yet been invaded by a photo-grapher! Besides pearls and pearl-shells, silver bullion and ore, the exports of La Paz are tortoise shells, deer skins, salt-hides, oranges, *pawpaw*, the dye-stuff, or-chilla moss, and *diamante*, an herb from which tea is made. Here is the place to buy.

CORALS AND BEAUTIFUL SHELLS. Of every description. Everybody among the middle classes keeps them for sale, while boys follow the stranger about the streets with baskets full of them; or row to the ship's side with canoe loads to offer to passengers. Though remote from "the world's busy mart," they are not behind in the tricks of trade, and will come down gracefully from a first demand of \$5 to 25 cents, when they find you are not to be swindled.

Among other rare and curious trophies of the sea, one may purchase "porcupine"

fish—or, rather, their empty hides, dried and inflated—every quill standing erect, and eyes, mouth and fins all intact, like Mrs. Partington's crocodile, "large as life and twice as natural."

There are corals, also, pink and white; bunches large and bushel baskets, and dried corals, three or four or three feet long, "Ursinia" of various kinds and the queer "Hippocampus" or "sea-horse" besides a kind of ocean fern, here called divers' farms. They are found growing upright in the bottom of the gulf—a mass of closely-woven frond, spreading out like an immense palm leaf. In colors, they are a rich yellowish-brown, or terra cotta, and show to best advantage when spread against a background of dead white. The pounds of it that your correspondent secured is destined to line the back and sides of a big cabinet, in which to stick sea-horses, star-fish, ocean anemones, etc., as an appropriate backing for larger shells and corals.

Nearly every species of edible fish to be found in the world abounds in these waters in greater numbers than elsewhere, and of extraordinary size, and brilliant coloring. Sword-fish—huge proportions frequently attack vessels, and have been known to leave their swords firmly imbedded in the timbers. There are sharks of every species, among them the "thresher" and "hammer-headed" variety, and the enormous *Tiburones* of the upper gulf, which often attain a length of thirty feet and weigh upwards of 1,000 pounds.

When the United States Hydrographic Survey was made here a few years ago, the sailors captured one of the sea-monsters in La Paz bay, after a struggle of several hours, in which the creature exhibited incredible strength, pulling a boat, fully manned, at great speed for a long distance. It was the *manta ray*—a species of ray fish, most dreaded of all by the pearl divers and fishermen, because of its ferocity and ALMOST HUMAN CUNNING.

It was seventeen feet wide, over three feet thick at the middle, and eleven feet long, exclusive of the tail, which was armed with a spike. Its jaws measured twenty-six inches across, the mouth occupying the space between two singularly-shaped flaps projecting from its head like horns. Its estimated weight was three thousand pounds, no doubt it is iden-tified with the horned ray sometimes called "the devil" of the Mediterranean.

Another remarkable fish with which these waters are swimming is the *topo sardina*, or "bull's-eye"—a kind of sun-fish which has only one large eye, the size of a bullock's, and that in the center of the upper part of the body. Worst of all, there is the terrible octopus or devil fish—a gigantic mollusk which lurks in rocky caves along the shores in places sheltered from the surf, where it quietly waits among the sea-weeds watching for prey. Woe to the man or beast that comes within reach of its arms—those horrible arms, from ten to twenty feet in length, each furnished with flat disks or suckers, and the strength of a horse!

The most successful mining enterprise on the Peninsula is that about forty miles from La Paz, at Tráinero, near San Antonio. The mines, said to number, called Las Casas de los Mineros, are all owned and operated by Americans. Bullying to the amount of \$50,000 per month has been produced, with but one 36-stamp mill; while enough ore is said to be in sight to quadruple that amount with proper machinery. The ore is brought on the backs of mules from the mines to the mill, where it is crushed, then mixed with common salt, and roasted; then washed and amalgamated with mercury in large vats; finally the mercury is run into bars of twenty pounds each. Then it is sent in wagons to La Paz, and there shipped to San Francisco.

THE PROCESS OF REDUCING ORE. By means of acids has been successfully tried, and probably will soon come into general use, on account of the scarcity of wood for the roasting process.

Gold has been found in small quantities in the granite ledge of San Lazaro, and much copper exists in the Cabalazas, sixteen miles from Triunfo. The famous Cerro Island, a few miles from La Paz, is believed to be exceedingly rich in copper and gold, though yet comparatively unexplored. Sesos resort to its out-lying roads in great numbers, and the reefs and sandbars that surround it are the places known to me for those terrible devil-fish with their fat-reaching arms.

There still to the capital is a small island of San Juan Nepomuceno, near whose southern end the United States Navy has a coal depot, where a supply of anthracite is kept for the use of its vessels of war, and a temporary landing-place has been made and the coal is transferred in small lighters. There is a salt lagoon on the island, which yields large quantities of salt by natural evaporation. Tradition has it that a great amount of treasure was hidden here at some early day, and many a search for it has been made by the natives.

WEIGHT AND YIELD OF EGGS. The following statement of the weight and yield of eggs of the different breeds of fowls is from an exhaustive tabular statement by Mr. L. E. Simmonds, who is considered standard authority on poultry statistics.

Lights, Brahmans and Partridge Cochin, eggs, 7 to the pound; they lay 80 to 100 per annum, or even more, according to treatment and keeping.

Dark Brahmans, 8 to the pound and about 70 per annum.

Black, White and Buff Cochins, 8 to the pound; 100 or less per annum.

Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound, 100 per annum.

Houdans, 8 to the pound, 150 per annum.

La Fleche, 7 to the pound, 130 per annum.

Black Spanish, 7 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Dominiques, 9 to the pound, 130 per annum.

Gamo Fowls, 9 to the pound, 130 per annum.

Creve-Cœurs, 7 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Léghorns, 9 to the pound, 150 to 200 per annum.

Hamburgs, 9 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Polish, 9 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Bantams, 10 to the pound, 60 per annum.

Turkeys, 6 to the pound, 30 to 60 per annum.

Ducks, 5 to 6 to the pound, 30 to 60 per annum.

Geese, 4 to the pound, 20 per annum.

Guinea fowls, 11 to the pound, 60 per annum.

Fowl Defense Against a Dangerous Foe.

Firearm is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe, malaria, unprovided with a means of defense. But if those in peril are aided, sustained, and reinforced with the great fortifying safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, miasma, prolific breeder of evils manifested in the shape of bilious remittents and chills and fever,ague cake, dumb ague, and the *calentura* of the Isthmus and Central American coast, is well nigh and rendered harmless. Our western settlers, and the Indians of the globe, for years have been acquainted with the fact and are constantly provided with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels, rheumatic and kidney complaints and rheumatism are conquered by it.

HANDLING HORSES.

Firmness, kindness and patience are the essential elements in the makeup of anyone who is a success in handling horses. Without the first a man would naturally be a failure. The condition of the horse when under the subjection of man is unnatural, although no domestic animal submits to its surroundings more gracefully and cheerfully. To control him perfectly the one doing it must be master of the situation under all circumstances. A firm man will prevent disasters where a faint one would fail. When a horse is to be brought under subjection it must be done by conquering his will and not his strength. It would be a dismal failure if the reverse were true. As to the second element, kindness, the more of this the better. No horse was ever spoiled or injured by kind treatment. There is no animal upon the mind of which kindness will make a greater impression than upon

FARM AND ORCHARD.

THE FARMER SHOULD BE A "JACK-OF-MANY-TRADES."

Weight and Yield of Eggs—Summer Fallow—Handling Horses—General Farm Notes.

To be a skillful workman should be the ambition of the farmer as well as the mechanic. Men of the highest attainments in every calling, are always in the ascendency. But how is it with the farmer in general? An idea here seems to prevail, and with some degree of accuracy, too, that with the farmer it is a matter of "luck," that the successful ones are those that are so fortunate as to inherit or marry into a good farm, or are born with the proverbial "silver spoon in the mouth" in some other way. The reason why I say that the matter of luck seems to influence farmers more than other men, is that they evidently have less appreciation for the force and utility of brains or skillful attainments. But to look at the matter in its true light, we can see that the advantages of science, skill, and a high degree of ingenuity is equally as potent, necessary, and valuable with farmers as with any class of men.

Nearly every species of edible fish to be found in the world abounds in these waters in greater numbers than elsewhere, and of extraordinary size, and brilliant coloring.

Sword-fish—huge proportions frequently attack vessels, and have been known to leave their swords firmly imbedded in the timbers.

They are found growing upright in the bottom of the gulf—a mass of closely-woven frond, spreading out like an immense palm leaf. In colors, they are a rich yellowish-brown, or terra cotta, and show to best advantage when spread against a background of dead white.

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AMERICA'S SHAME.

DISAPPOINTMENT OF AMERICANS IN PARIS.

Commissioner DeYoung Speaks on the Miserable Showing Made at the French Exposition.

[San Francisco Post, August 19th.]
M. H. de Young, Commissioner from California to the World's Exposition at Paris, is home again.

"I was greatly impressed while in Europe," he said to a *Post* reporter, "by the difference between the American and the European. The average American is quick of ideas and possessed of a marvelous individuality, while the average European is just the reverse. He is noticeable for his dependence on those who are a little above him, and his tendency to follow in the lines laid down by his father and his father's father. Their method of doing business is slow, methodical and covered with red tape, and the time they take to do business is very tiresome to an American."

MILLIONS FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

"One thing I noticed was the manner in which European cities seek to beautify themselves and entertain their population. Paris, London, St. Petersburg—all of them spend millions of dollars on improving their buildings and keeping their very beautiful parks up to perfection. In Paris the Government takes care even of the amusements of people, and enterments are given, not in one or two of the cities, but throughout the entire city at the same time. Bands of music are playing in all the parks, and the people of every district are entertained. In fact, the French Government is a parental one, and looks after the citizens as though they were children who had to be entertained and amused."

"As far as the exposition is concerned, I see there is considerable discussion in the American papers looking to a great world's exposition in this country in 1862. I don't think those who favor this project appreciate the vast nature of the undertaking. To be a success it would have to be as good as if not better, than the Paris Exposition. This does not seem possible, but there are other causes of the character of the structures at Paris. The buildings, instead of being temporary structures, have the appearance of being permanent. They are elegantly decorated, and it hardly seems likely that they are to be torn down in six months."

THE EXPOSITION.

Mr. De Young, to explain some misapprehensions caused by published criticisms of the exposition entered the details:

"The exposition," he said, "is composed of nine parts: 1. Works of art; 2. Education and processes used therein; 3. Plain and decorative house furniture; 4. Textile fabrics; 5. The raw and manufactured products of mining, forestry, chemistry, etc.; 6. Apparatus and methods of mechanical industries; 7. Food products; 8. Agriculture, viticulture and fish culture; 9. Horticulture. The American exhibit was divided into nine parts, perform to the official building of the exposition. We asked the same thing and they refused it to us."

CURIOUS CONDUCT.

Mr. De Young said that although the American Commissioners had been given \$250,000, which they had carte blanche to spend, they had refused to encourage the only really American exhibit—the corn palace. The money collected for this in the Produce Exchange of New York and Chicago has proved insufficient, and after sending the space to his own efforts, the American agent had to go to the Commissioners for \$1,500 to build the inner frame, over which he intended to put the Commissioners refused to give him this, and the corn palace was not built. As it had been intended to manufacture and give away corn in the palace, Mr. De Young regarded this as a subject to criticism, as an American industry would thus have found a way to introduce its products in France.

The feeling of American visitors, Mr. De Young said, was one of intense disappointment at the insignificant nature of their native land's display. But France had determined to overshadow every other nation, and had succeeded. All great European nations having refused to recognize the exposition, France determined to show the most beautiful and greatest country France was, and every other nation's exhibit was cut down accordingly. America's exhibit was relegated to the second floor of the Art Building, and the space had to be found by the artists themselves, for the Commissioner said "he didn't care a blank." Australia, Denmark, Spain and countries where art is not fostered were placed on the main floor opposite France's display. The American display in the beaux arts was on the second floor.

"They wanted me to be one of the jurors, but I declined," said Mr. De Young, "for I intended to speak my mind. And the Americans were only allowed forty jurors in the 1,500 or 1,600 appointed, and were not allowed to select the committees upon which they would serve. In brief, the French did not propose to be handicapped by any majority against them."

An Empress' Economy.

The *Japan Weekly Mail*, in a recent issue, observes that the Empress of Japan has shown an extreme interest in all the charitable institutions of Tokio which are devoted to women and children. Especially is this the case in regard to the Tokio Female Hospital, which has proved so useful to the poorer classes in the capital that larger premises became necessary, while the funds were insufficient for the purpose. Her Majesty cast about for some method of giving effectual assistance to the institution, and at last decided that she could best do so by exercising strict economy in her personal expenditure and devoting what could be spared to the hospital.

As the result of one year's savings, Her Majesty has bestowed on the institution a sum of \$4,466 yen 90 sen and 8 rin, the amount of which is equivalent to £1,500. A sum is equivalent to a half penny, and contains ten rin. "There is something picturesquely," observes the *Mail*, "about these sen and rin. They represent an account minutely and faithfully kept between her Majesty's unavoidable expense and the benevolent impulse that constantly urged her to curtail them. Such gracious acts of sterling effort command admiration and love."

Steel Cars.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "No wooden craft of any account disgraces this enlightened age in carrying human beings across the ocean. Steel vessels have superseded the old-style fleets of wood. Why should not steel vehicles do the transportation of human beings across the continent and from place to place? Steel cars, properly constructed, of course, would have all the advantages of wooden cars without any of their defects. In the first place, the steel car would be incomparably stronger in case of accidents. It would be the same time fire-proof, and as a matter of economy in the management of railroads, it would be lighter and more durable than one of the present cars."

"Now for the Department of Products. I understand that California would be represented, and when I reached Paris I hunted for the display of California products. It had been assured that a fine assortment of California products had been sent forward. Well, I found one case seven feet long and four and a half feet wide, and that case contained the entire wine exhibit of the United States. California had one side of it. I could not

find one bottle of California wine anywhere else in the exposition. I found in the section of food products a little miniature bottle of hops five inches long and three inches thick. This represented not only California hops but California cereals. When I saw it I said to myself, 'What is this?' This can't be California's display of cereals? and I'd have liked to put it in my pocket and carried it off. That, however, was all California had to show for its products.

COMPARISONS THAT TELL.

"Taking the American exhibit as a whole, it cannot be called discreditable, except when we place it beside others. It would not have been discreditable to any of the Spanish-American States, but for the United States it is not a credit. The Argentine Republic built a place for itself at a cost of \$210,000—a magnificent granite building, with enormous glass doors. It was illuminated by lamps of electric lights shining through medallions of artificial turquoise. In the two stories of this building were all the products of the Argentine Republic so arranged that you stepped into that country when you entered the building.

"The Mexican Republic had one of the finest buildings on the grounds, it was built of iron and bronze, in imitation of an old Aztec palace. The steps, in the ancient fashion, reached from the ground to the roof, and the building was surrounded with a tropical garden, to which had been transplanted the cactus and other native Mexican plants. Inside of the structures were grouped the displays of Mexico under one roof. The British Government had an imitation of an East India building, bold and painted to represent a massive palace, in which were grouped the products of the East India colonies.

AMERICA TREATED SHABLY.

"Then to think that there was not one building on the grounds over which floated the flag of any nation! The United States was, the only great country to officially recognize the exposition and all the Spanish French allowed to us was 90,000 square feet. The British Government refused to recognize the exposition until England was given 234,000 square feet.

"Our thing noticed was the manner in which European cities seek to beautify themselves and entertain their population. Paris, London, St. Petersburg—all of them spend millions of dollars on improving their buildings and keeping their very beautiful parks up to perfection. In Paris the Government takes care even of the amusements of people, and enterments are given, not in one or two of the cities, but throughout the entire city at the same time. Bands of music are playing in all the parks, and the people of every district are entertained. In fact, the French Government is a parental one, and looks after the citizens as though they were children who had to be entertained and amused."

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ECONOMY IN DRESS.

WOMEN WITH SLENDER PURSES CAN DRESS TASTEFUL.

What Style of Raiment Best Becomes Matrons Who Are Growing in Years — The Ideal Dress.

the neck, the cape to reach to the waist. They are so pretty and dressy and warm. For an outside garment, nothing is more becoming and suitable than a rich plain shawl. For winter a circular, either with a fur or quilted lining, although more elegant, perhaps, is objectionable from the fact that grandma cannot have the use of any stronger arm to lean upon while wearing it.

The cap and bonnet question is a delicate one, and unless a labor of love by tasteful fingers is not very apt to be a success. Caps should be pure white, with a defined border of quilted lace or ruching, and white satin or gros-grain strings not more than two inches wide. A mixture of black and white, not becoming to an aged complexion.

Bonnets should be black, but the question of shape is a puzzle to solve. A small bonnet is out of the question, both for becomingness and suitability, as well as health, they leaving bare the back of the head and neck, two vital spots in the aged. And yet it must not be too large and clumsy. Happy is the old lady who has a milliner friend who is able and willing to "create" a shape that will just kindly shade the dear old face and soften the withered features.

It would not be wise to indicate the age at which the plainness of attire should be adopted, for it has been truly said there are no old women in these days. Nevertheless, there are a few, whose good taste, better judgment and delicacy lead them to honest feel they have passed the last stage where they can borrow a charm from dress.

While from those elderly women, real elderly women, whose granddaughters are shooting into their teens—those grandmothers who still ape the dressiness of a score or so years ago, "Good Lord de-

LITERARY TABLE.

Of the Riverside Paper Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, published semi-monthly, we have the continuation of the series of August 3d is No. 1. Miss Phelps' "Story of Aris." It is one of the best of the many good stories written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. It is not one of her stories relating to the "Gates" between this life and the next, but is wholly a novel of this world, yet with characters of unusual attractiveness.

The *London Academy* pronounced "the picture of Aris a good conception, marvelously executed," and prophesied for the book "a world-wide circulation." An extra issue of the series, dated Aug. 20th, is Hawthorne's "Miss Fritton and Old Mance." It is a delightful light story of Nature. Hawthorne's short stories, some of which are "The Birthmark," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "The Celestial Railroad," "Drowne's Wooden Image," and others ranking among the most perfect work Hawthorne ever produced; the opening chapter on "The Old Man" is a delightful paper.

The issue of the same series, August 27th is No. 6, and is John Royce's "The Feud of Oakdale Creek." It is a novel of California life, with scenes, people, and incidents peculiar to California. Mr. Royce is a native of our State, thoroughly acquainted with its romantic and dramatic annals. His "California" is a series of American Companions; the family proves, and this novel is the fruit of his familiar knowledge. The New York Tribune says of it: "Not only is the scenery proper to the country, the local color in general strong and distinct, and the dialect true and forcible, but the characters themselves are well drawn and have a strong individuality.

From the Bancroft Company, San Francisco, we have an elegant volume, "Two Daughters of One Race," a novel by W. Heinberg, translated from the German by M. D. M. May. The novel is richly illustrated with photographic illustrations.

It is a brilliant novel of German high life and by an author of fine style, a lively imagination and especially strong in his character drawing of women. The story is of love, passion and marriage. The history of the tale is that the marriage of a story told upon the relatives of a titled lover and his wife, with the consequence suffering and trial follow, and finally the husband, by the death of an elder brother, becomes a reigning prince, is for State reasons compelled to seek a divorce. The book is from the press of Whiting & Co., 747 Broadway, New York. As an example of typographic excellence.

"Godey's Lady's Book" for September is filled with attractive novelties. The fashions are good, the literature first-class, and the numerous illustrations, not only designs, but really beautiful pictures. The opening illustration, "Catch it Quick," can not fail to attract young and old. The opening story, "A Child's Adventure," by Dulcie Weir, teaches a valuable lesson to the fashionable world. "At Heatherhill" by Cornelius Redmond, is a good story. "A Model American Girl," by David Lowry, gives some glimpses of Washington society. "A Woman's Way," by Elsie Snow, and "A Woman's Life," by Mrs. Betrayed, are both good and interesting. A humorous article, "How Our Ancestors Cooked, or What the First Settlers Ate," by Arthur Dudley Vinton.

This week's "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" for August showed a strong artistic taste. Its pictures and letter-press were equally interesting. The Highland Light, a most picturesque light house; a splendid portrait of Mrs. Bryce, a leading New York society woman; President Harrison's visit at Bar Harbor; an old workshop, visited by Sheppard; the Cricket Plague in Algeria; these illustrations, with the answer of Dr. Deems, make the best number under the new proprietors. It is a progressive journal.

From H. V. and H. W. Poor, New York publishers and editors of "Poor's Manual of Manufacturing," we received the introduction to the Manual of 1859. We find in it many exceedingly interesting statistics from which we intend to quote liberally. The main volume of the Manual is now ready for delivery at \$6. It is the 22d number, of 1,700 pages, royal octavo and includes twenty specially engraved maps.

CAMP SHAFTER.

THE NATIONAL GUARD MEN BRACE UP BEFORE THE REGULARS.

The Biggest Eater in Camp—Ladies Who Know How to Make Camp Life Pleasant.

(Special Correspondence of the Record-Union.) CAMP SHAFTER, SANTA CRUZ, Calif., August 23, 1889.

The regulars have arrived, under command of Colonel Shafter, from Monterey, and the scene around here is imposing. There seems to be more life in the men now since the regular army men have arrived, and they try to look their best before the eyes of the newcomers. At about 7 o'clock this morning our whole regiment started from camp to meet the regulars on the road. We were late, and the Colonels ordered double time, which was kept up for about one-third of a mile. Many in line had to drop out and the band was completely paralyzed. Several of them had to stop running and were left away behind. We "presented arms" as the new regiment passed by and they in turn returned the compliment. A most noticeable and attractive part of the regulars' camp is their horses. They are fine lot of stock and all are handsome, even those ridden by privates in the cavalry and artillery. It didn't take long for them to pitch their tents after they reached the camp grounds, and in a very short time things were in full swing in proper order.

This morning at about half-past nine o'clock a brigade review and dress parade was held, Adjutant-General Orton officially as reviewing officer. The parade was a very poor specimen of drilling and in itself was a very "bungling" affair, especially in passing in review. General Orton inspected the whole regiment, commenting on the condition of the uniforms and pointing out faults in the manner of dress.

One of the boys says we have steak and pull it (pullet) for breakfast, stew for dinner, and new-stew for supper. Watermelons accompanied the dinner-tables to-day, and taking altogether the messes are "away up." Sergeant Zittinger of Company G was taken sick this morning, from loss of blood to the head, and for some time it was thought the matter was quite serious. After a few hours he improved, and is now out of danger.

Company B's headquarters was the scene of quite a lively time last evening. "Picany," the colored mascot, delighted the crowd with speeches and songs, and all were kept in roars of laughter.

The reception given by General Sheean last evening at headquarters here was a swell affair, and many officers and ladies were present. The band rendered superb concert music and delighted the many listeners who so seldom hear such a treat. The reception lasted for several hours, and was nearly 12 o'clock before the crowd dispersed.

This evening the band will give an open air concert from the balcony of the Pacific Ocean House, and there will undoubtedly be an immense attendance.

General Orton and party departed from here this morning.

The surf is taken possession of almost entirely in the afternoons by the military. Major Wallace never missed a day, while many others go in twice in twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Lieutenant Kay, who is stopping at camp, is the friend of the sick boys here. She is worth two or three doctors and seems to know just what is needed in every case of sickness.

Lieutenant Rivett is the "biggest" eater in camp. He takes his stand at the Agricultural Exhibition of Which Much is Expected.

The first annual fair of the Twentieth Agricultural District will open at Auburn next week from Monday next, September 2d, and continue five days. The Directors have decided upon making the exhibition an "agricultural" in the strict sense of the word, as possible, and hope to make a great success of it. Placer county is coming to the front as a fruit section about as rapidly as any section of the State. A few very few years have accomplished wonders in this respect, and her people should work hard for the success of their first strictly agricultural fair. Referring to the matter, the Republicans say:

"The word 'agricultural' as applied to the exhibition districts into which the State is divided is simply a term of convenience. It is not intended to include only the produce of the farm, but it is the intention to encourage a fair for every possible industry within a district. And this will be a feature of so-called agricultural exhibitions, while farm products will fill a large place every year at the Mechanics' Institute fair in San Francisco. Just so. Just a large part of Placer's wealth consists of the rich mines in the globe—and it is the privilege of the miners to take a prominent part in the annual fairs of the country. They will find that they have not been forgotten in the premium lists. The granite, number, and mill men should also be in the front, as they can add wonderfully in the success of the fair."

The men in camp are not paying enough attention to their duty in saluting officers. A commanding officer should always be saluted, and if and when he does not return your salute, show his ignorance and should not be taken in by him. The boys here might profit by watching how the regulars observe this military rule.

Charlie Genshle, who is visiting here, is deathly afraid of the water. He hired a boat and went out to the beach to get into the water at all. A wave chanced to roll enough to wash over his ankles and he immediately dashed for the dressing-room shivering like a leaf. After this just ask Charlie whether or not the water is cold if you want to make a fuss.

The members of the National Guard cannot be compared in that strict military manner in vogue among the regulars. A very great many of the leading people of Sacramento, Woodland and Napa City, for instance, are in Santa Cruz at the present time. They naturally desire to visit the camp and see their friends who are members of the guard, and pay their respects to the officers and their wives, etc., and some notice must be taken of them in the way of entertainment. The evenings are the proper time for this, when it does not interfere with camp duties.

The Santa Cruz people also love to wander about and listen to the band and the horse racing, which is the chief sport as second to none in the State, and far ahead of any National Guard band. Many of the officers' wives have been in the habit of accompanying their husbands to camp for a number of years, until they now feel perfectly at home there. The conduct of the women is excellent, and it is to be hoped that local pride and county pride will combine to make the first Placer county fair a grand success—a genuine attraction to visitors and a source of stimulation to ourselves."

LAW AND ORDER.

Controversy Between E. M. Leitch and Chief of Police Lee.

E. M. Leitch, a member of the Law and Order League, called at the Record-Union office yesterday, and gave his version of an exciting interview which took place an hour or so previous between himself and Chief of Police Lee. He said he met the Chief on the street, and asked him why he and the police force were persecuting the League. Leitch says he then referred to the fact that police officers were employed for the purpose of keeping order, but that they did not do their duty well and promptly, which is to brew a delicious punch, steal flowers to decorate his chief's quarters, or take the Adjutant's place at a moment's notice.

A very popular lady is Mrs. Captain John Cook, of Battery B, who, no matter how busy she may be, keeps a sharp lookout after her husband, and with good reason. The signal officer, when excited, gives a little kick in his terms as for instance, calling a "holy hell" at his wife, but it is all right so long as the boys understand him. He and Doc Welch, the genial regimental surgeon, are fast friends, and it is not unlikely that the doctor will ask Colonel Guthrie to transfer him to the signal service so that he can be more with his wife, Alice, at Shafter.

Lieutenant Kay is absent with his guard when officers entitled to the honor of having the guard turned out are present. Paymaster Ormsby is omnipresent. He is courteous, obliging, knows everybody, and when any duty is required of him he can do it well and promptly, whether it is to brew a delicious punch, steal flowers to decorate his chief's quarters, or take the Adjutant's place at a moment's notice.

Mrs. Colonel E. R. Hamilton has been very active in masking it pleased about the carelessness of the Signal Service. She gathered a delegation to Sacramento and sojourned in Santa Cruz and captured the camp the same evening. The visit was a surprise, and was greatly appreciated by the ladies in camp.

The Nevada boys have been monopolizing the business of raising the flag-pole at camp. They have done it this year, as well as two years ago else. Old Glory could not be more broken. Captain Seymour is nearly heartbroken. He went down mainly to reduce himself, and the climate acts the other way on him.

E. M. S.

Police Salary Case. Notice of appeal was yesterday filed in Judge Armstrong's Court by the attorneys for the city in the case of L. W. Farrell against the municipality. The appeal is from Judge Armstrong's order commanding the Trustees to levy a special tax to raise money to pay the salaries of the policemen.

To-day's Sale. All over the house. Many small lots sold at one-half price. At Red House.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

An Idea of the Pleasures Afforded in and Around Pacific Grove.

PACIFIC GROVE, August 22, 1889. Es. REC'D-UNION: I thought perhaps it would not be out of place to send a few more lines about the doings of the Sacramentoans who are rustication here. Last Wednesday evening Rev. A. C. Herrick gave a lecture at the chapel on the subject of the Johnstown flood, also giving some fine views of the same. In this he was assisted by Dr. Van C. Horner, a former Sacramento man who has his office here at the Grove now. The mission to the above was the privilege of dropping a 10 cent piece in a box on entering the building, and there being a very large number present the proceeds were quite gratifying to those concerned. Mr. Herrick gave another lecture for last evening, but as it was not to be present I cannot give an account of it.

Yesterday an excursion party of about fifty went by train to Santa Cruz, where they had the pleasure of seeing the points of interest about that place, and also visiting the camp of our campmates returning late in the evening but not too late for a number of the party to attend a ball that was given in Monterey.

The skating rink is an amusement quite well patronized here especially on Wednesdays and Saturday evenings, when a band is in attendance and although there are several rinks around the Grove who have their hands on rink and bandages from the effects of learning to skate, it does not seem, even with them, to lessen the pleasure of going to the rink.

Of all the interesting places to visit around here I can safely say the Del Monte is the best and the best. The former is a handsome structure, and the latter has been to be appreciated. The flowers are beautiful, and even with a horse and buggy a couple of hours is not long enough to see everything about the grounds and enjoy it. There are all kinds of amusements for the benefit of the guests of the hotel, including a concert, boating on the lake and others besides.

"All right," said Wiesel, "I'll talk to my spirit about it, and see what it says. You come in to-morrow."

The next day the Mongolian presented himself, wearing a confidential air, and with a smile on his face. "Well, you talkie yo' spirit tell me me hap more," said the boy.

"Oh, yes," replied Wiesel, "I talk to my spirit, and he tell me your spirit sabai

it. Bill no good."

"Meleman man split heap sabei," rejoined the Chinaman, with a satisfied grin, as he started to go.

"What! you call me heap more," cried Wiesel, "you spirit tell me me hap more?"

"You call me heap more," said the boy.

"I talk to my spirit, and he tell me your spirit sabai it. Bill no good."

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LIFE OF A CHORUS GIRL.

DECLARED NOT TO BE SUCH A VERY HARD LOT, AFTER ALL.

Members of the Chorus Earn More Than Shop Girls, and are Treated Fully as Well.

A good deal is said about the chorus girl in one way and another, but perhaps very little of the truth about her is really known. Of the hundreds of theater-goers who nightly fill the different playhouses in the city, probably few of them give a thought to the girls of the chorus, beyond observing their uniformity of dress, singing and acting. And yet the chorus girl is a permanent theatrical feature, increasing daily in numbers, and is entitled to as much consideration as any woman who does her work conscientiously and thoroughly. She comes on the stage in the scantiness of tights and the glitter of tinsel, with a blonde wig over her raven locks, her olive skin hidden under pink powder, and she seems to be an ephemeral creature intended only to flutter in the glare of the footlights. When the play is over, the curtain down and the lights out, she is forgotten by those who a few minutes before vehemently applauded her.

But is she the butterfly she appears? and from what class of society does she come?

A Star reader had a talk the other day with Manager Canby, of Francis Wilson's Opera Company, and he says that the average chorus girl is not a buttercup, and that she comes from every class.

"It is a mistake," he says, "to think that the chorus girls all come from the middle and lower classes. Many of them are excellent families, and are well educated. They become chorus girls for the purpose of acquiring the rudiments of music, and, in doing so, gain a talent for music some of them belonging to musical families. And from the chorus have come many of the most prominent stars in comic opera. I could mention several who began their theatrical careers in the chorus. They are thoroughly drilled, you know, and if they have a real talent for acting it soon becomes known, and a chance is given them, when possible, to show what they can do. They are bright girls, and I dare say that the majority of them could any day go creditably through one of the principal parts if called upon to do so."

"Many of them who come to us are very badly dressed, but the majority of them go upon the stage for the purpose of being self-supporting. It is generally a matter of necessity. You see, a girl loses her money, or her father loses it for her, and she finds that she must do something to help herself. Almost every educated girl has some knowledge of music, and, naturally, she turns to the stage. There are many such instances that have come within my own observation, including several girls from the South of most excellent family."

"Is it not a trying position for a refined woman?"

"Well, not more so, perhaps, than some other ways of making a living. The stage manager has a great deal to do with making life difficult for the chorus, it is true; but generally speaking he is no harder to serve than another man. Of course, there are managers and managers, and some of them are as cordially liked as others are disliked by the chorus. In the latter case, every order that is given seems to be specially given to annoy the girls."

"What is the pay?"

"In the city it is from \$12 to \$20 a week, on the road from \$16 to \$18 to \$25. And the duties are not very exacting, at least compared to some other work that women do. Shop girls, for instance, lead tedious lives. I imagine. Prior to the production of a new play, there are constant rehearsals for five weeks, occupying three or four hours a day, and the members of the chorus are probably playing in another piece at night. They are fined for being late at rehearsals. It is impossible to govern a large body of persons without some such rule; but the majority of the girls are very attentive and are called upon to pay few fines. I must say that, as a rule, women are far more conscientious in this respect than men, and are far easier to manage."

"Are they expected to furnish their own wardrobe out of their salary?"

"Oh, no; their costumes are furnished them, and they are only required to take care of them. Beginners always object to wearing tights, which, of course, the chorus must do sooner or later in comic opera. They do not know what to expect, and ask if they must wear tights. When I tell them 'yes,' they say they never could do that, and ask if they may not take some position where they would not be obliged to put on the objectionable garments. I always tell them frankly that I may be able to give such positions for a short time, but that if they remain with us they will eventually be compelled to appear in tights. Sometimes they go away and give up all idea of becoming chorus girls, but more often they conclude to try it. We do not want beginners, however. We much prefer to have girls who have had some experience in the stage and who know what will be required of them. Beginners are troublesome. Occasionally a girl comes who has money and wants to join the chorus for the purpose of learning, or, perhaps, for excitement. But she does not remain long."

"But seriously, do you not think a woman appears much more graceful in skirts?"

"That may be, but in comic opera there is so much music written for female voices where male dresses must be worn that we cannot do away with tights. And, really, the girl's don't think of them; they soon become accustomed to wearing them, and look upon it in a business way. They do not consider that they are doing anything immodest, and they are really modest girls."

"Is the discipline severe?"

"No more so for the chorus than for the others. There are simply the ordinary stage rules, which must be upheld in every theater. They are required to take care of their costumes to be punctual at rehearsal, and are not allowed to recognize any friends in the audience while they are on the stage. Their absence from rehearsal in case of illness is excusable, of course."

"What is the average age of a chorus girl?"

"Well, I should say it is about twenty-three. Most of the girls with us now have been associated with Mr. Wilson for several years, and are thoroughly known. Some girls who are fair for young make up remarkably well, and when they look young many years younger than they really are. The public likes to look at fresh young faces, and we prefer young girls. Generally speaking, though, it is easy enough to make the face satisfactory; the arms and throat are more difficult to manage. Of course, the freshness of the voice and the youthfulness of their figures largely depend on the lives they lead. Some of them take more care of themselves than others, and some of them have stronger constitutions. And there are such interesting women among them! Bright, too; they say the wittiest things. And it is an American girl who takes the lead as a chorus girl. I believe we have all agreed to that. She looks better, is more intelligent, and understands her lesson better."

"What are their matrimonial chances?"

"Ah, I am glad you spoke of that. Very good, I should say. I have known many of them to marry, and marry well. They

generally marry out of the profession and leave the stage, and I fail to see why the chances of happiness for a man who marries a chorus girl should not be as good as those of a man who marries a woman in any other profession, provided he exercises as much discretion in his choice. Many of the girls are domestic, and possessed of considerable taste, which they display in the decoration of their rooms when on the road. They take out their photographs and knick-knacks and in a few minutes their rooms look as if they had occupied them a long time. Of course, some of them are careless, but they are all good-hearted and kind to each other."

"What are the qualifications necessary for a chorus girl?"

"A pretty face, good figure, a fair voice and a knowledge of music. Many of them cannot read music when they come to us, but they soon learn. There is the photograph of a girl who wishes to become a member of our chorus. They have their photographs taken and send us copies in order that we may get an idea of their figures."

Mr. Canby took from a pigeonhole in his desk a full-length cabinet picture of a very pretty woman. She wore the inevitable tights, trunk hose, and velvet jacket, her luxuriant hair falling about her shoulders, while her face was upturned and her hands held a late.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

“Och, me Katie’s a rogue, it is thre. But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue. And her ankles—she dazed an’ she brothered me, too.

Till one mornin’ we wif for a ride. When demure as a wif, by me side. Wild the wickedest hat.

“Neath a purty girl’s chin tyed tied.

Am’ heart, arrah, thin, how it bat’!

For me Katie looked so temptin’ an’ swate.

“Ay, all the red roses.

“But I sat! just as mutie as the dead.

“I’m a fool, ay, today to say.

“I’d have nothing to do with me cousin instead.”

Thin I fit myself grow’ver bowld,

For I knew she’d not sold me if I towld.

“Thid old depart.

Though I lived to be wrinkled an’ owld.

“An’ said, “If I daid to do so,

I’d git ov’ the baste an’ I’d throw

“Ay, the wif in a taste.

“Uthim lips that are cookin’ me so.”

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,

“Ay, she said, widout rai’in’ her head,

“An’ her eyes lookin’ down.

“Ay, with their looks down, ‘Ye’re a Ted.’”

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Origin and Development of a Powerful Society.

Just sixteen years ago there assembled in the city of Louisville, Ky., seventeen young men, who met for the purpose of organizing a fraternal association upon a plan that would combine the best features of the various societies already in operation, together with such additional features as would, in their opinion, insure stability and a growth so steady that there would ultimately be banded together a fraternity composed of the very best element in the community. J. A. Demaree was the prime mover in developing the new Order, which he styled the "Knights of Honor of the World." The Order thus started by Mr. Demaree was given further impetus by Darius Wilson, and to these two gentlemen belongs the credit of having founded an Order which, at the present day, claims a membership of 128,000, under the jurisdiction of a Supreme Lodge for the entire country, subdivided into thirty-six Grand Lodges in as many States and Territories, with 2,500 subordinate lodges, of which 190 are in the State of New York alone, and 65 in the city of New York, with a membership of over 8,000. The astonishing growth of the Order has proved the wisdom of its founders, and the good work accomplished in caring for its members and beneficiaries is attested by the expenditure of \$27,000,000 for death losses during the period of sixteen years since the inception of the Order. Besides this, it has, through subordinate lodges, contributed largely to the sufferers by yellow fever in the South in 1873-74, to the flood sufferers in the Ohio Valley in 1884, to the sufferers by fire at Galveston, Texas, in 1885; to the earthquake sufferers at Charleston in 1886; the yellow fever sufferers at Tampa in 1887, and Johnstonstown disaster a few weeks since. In addition to this, several millions of dollars have been paid in sick benefits to members and untold cases of distress and suffering have been relieved. In a word, the Knights of Honor have a record of which any organization may be proud.

Membership in the Order is confined to no profession, business or occupation. The Supreme Lodge is composed of representatives from Grand Lodges, while the latter are composed of delegates for each subordinate lodge in the State. All who are male persons between the ages of 18 and 50 years are eligible to membership. Each subordinate lodge pays a per capita tax upon its membership to the Grand Lodge, and each Grand Lodge pays a per capita tax to the Supreme Lodge, and from these amounts are paid expenses for annual sessions, salaries, printing, etc.

The government of the Order is democratic, each lodge being entitled to representation in the Grand Lodge, and each Grand Lodge in the Supreme Lodge; it contains no self-appointed Board of Directors. The Order is not in the field as a rival to learned institutions, but is as loyal to them; neither is it an opponent of life insurance associations. Each member entering the Order is entitled to insurance to the amount of \$2,000, plus \$500 as disability, and \$1,000 as death benefit, or as may elect. Benefits are administered to initiates; only a promise upon honor is exacted to live the life of a good citizen. Neither is it a religious or political society. Both subjects are carefully kept out of the lodge room. Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, is alike received and made welcome. The society is secret in so far that it has signs, grips and pass words to keep out intruders.

SAFETY-PILLS.—We quote: "The Safety-Pills are a cure for this complaint. They open up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions.

25 CENTS PER BOX. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

If your Storesser is out of them we will mail you a box on receipt of price of \$1. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.

CURES all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Flux, Etc., and renders the system less liable to contract disease.

EXPESSA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They open up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions.

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W&W

DR. S. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

THE UMBRELLA MENDER.

It was a winter's evening. The clock of St. Martin-le-Grand was striking six as Mr. Coriolanus Crocker, the umbrella mender, rose from his bench, laid aside his work, and shut up his shop. He then retired into the little inner room, made some tea, contrived a sandwich, and settled himself down to an evening's enjoyment with his books. In a few minutes he was lost in the dear delights of Grote's "Greece"; for Mr. Crocker was a scholar, and looked such, even when he was repairing umbrellas. One might have expected him at any given minute to put away his work and deliver a lecture on some obscure subject—perhaps on the political aspects of the reign of Thothmes the Third, or on the potentialities of the Differential Calculus. One might have expected this in vain, since Mr. Crocker was as sparing of his words as most rich people are of their money. He was short and shriveled, and not unlike a thin umbrella—a thready, shabbily-gentle umbrella, with an uncompromising handle and a long-drawn piece of elastic, and an ancient button, and a well-worn stick which wanted retipping.

Mr. Crocker had a small face provided with small, piercing eyes. His hair was brown and scanty. He had a habit of combing back this scanty hair with his thin hand when he was engaged in contemplating an invalid umbrella and wondering whether it was worth a new stick. He was short and shriveled, and not unlike a thin umbrella—a thready, shabbily-gentle umbrella, with an uncompromising handle and a long-drawn piece of elastic, and an ancient button, and a well-worn stick which wanted retipping.

A piece of paper printed on Mr. Crocker's window announced that his customers were wanted after 6 o'clock, and the neighbors had learned that it was no light matter to disturb the umbrella mender when once the shutters of the little shop had been put up. He was thus usually enabled to enjoy Grote's "Greece" without any possible fear of business annoyances.

But this evening, just as he was finishing up the last of the battle of Salamis, there came a loud ring at the bell. Mr. Crocker did not pay the slightest attention to this appeal, but there was no doubt that he was conscious of the disturbance, for he looked up from his book, cast a few indignant glances toward the shop door, and then poured himself out another cup of tea, and returned to Grote and Greece. The bell rang again; this time louder and more impatiently. Mr. Coriolanus Crocker read on quietly. When the bell pealed a third time he darted into the shop, opened the door hurriedly, and said:

"I won't have any customers after 6 o'clock. There's another umbrella mender at the top of the road. Go to him, and if he won't do your work, go the devil, for all that I care."

"I am inclined to think I have arrived at the destination you mention," said the ringer of the bell. "Allow me, however, to assure you that I am not a customer, and have not come to see you about anything so uninteresting as umbrellas. Probably you do not realize that it is snowing. I can understand that, for you are standing out of the snow, and I am standing in the snow. Thank you, I will step in and tell me the truth."

Mr. Crocker raised the lamp to the stranger's face. He looked about 30 years of age, and had the appearance of being an unsuccessful artist.

"I don't know," said Mr. Crocker, putting the lamp on the counter. "Please to tell me your business and then go, for my time is precious, and I don't care to waste it on strangers."

"I will be brief," answered the stranger, taking a ring from his pocket. "This is your son. You recognize him? Well, then, he is dying and wishes to see you before he says farewell to this world. You'll excuse me, but I think we have not much time to lose. He was well on the road when I left him."

"My son dying," murmured the umbrella mender, as though to himself, "and dying he turns to me. I am glad of that."

"I am ready," he said to the artist. He took his hat from the peg and passed out of the shop together with the stranger.

"You are my son's friend, no doubt?" he asked.

"No," replied the other curtly. "I'm low enough, but I have not sunk to that degradation yet."

"Do you refer to his personal character or to his father's profession?" asked the umbrella mender, frowning.

"I have nothing to do with his father's profession," answered the stranger. "For my part I should think it is much better for having umbrellas to mend than having no pictures to paint. You get bread and cheese on the one, but you starve on the other. Then you die and go to hell and not a soul cares."

Then there fell silence between them, and the snow fell fast and thick.

"I suppose you loved your son once?" the stranger said after a pause.

"I have always loved my son," the umbrella mender answered.

"I wonder he did not turn out a better man, if he had some one to care for him. That ought to make such a difference to a fellow," said the stranger, somewhat sadly.

"You are hard on the dying," said the umbrella mender.

"I hate your son!" muttered the stranger. "He has come between me and all my chances of success and happiness. And when he is dead I shall have to go after him, for it was my hand that struck him down."

Mr. Crocker started back.

"Your hand?" he cried. "And you dare to tell me this!"

"Why not?" said the other, coolly. "I don't value my life at a brass farthing. We've got to die, and it really does not matter much whether we die on the gallows or on a feather bed. We have only a few steps to go now. We cross the road and turn down that narrow street opposite. I beg of you to take my arm, sir; the roads are slippery and you may fall."

The umbrella mender shook off the stranger's touch.

"Don't touch me," he said, with a shudder.

"I can understand you are naturally annoyed with your son," replied the other. "It would be too absurd to suppose that a man would be friends with a stranger who had murdered his son. Follow me now."

They had arrived at a wretchedly poor-looking house. The door was opened by a little girl, who slunk away immediately. They groped their way up some rickety stairs and went into a darkened room. The artist struck a match and lit a candle, and held it over the bed.

"Your son is still alive," he whispered to the umbrella mender. "I am glad we missed him." Then he closed the door gently, leaving the umbrella mender bending over his son.

"Marius!" the father whispered, as he took his son's hand and kissed it tenderly. "Marius, you know me?"

The dying man looked up.

"Dad!" he murmured. "I've not been much of a credit to you. Poor dad! and you hoped for so much from me. Well, it's too late now. But just kneel down, dad, and let my head rest on your arm. Just like that."

And he died, with a peaceful smile on his face. He had been nothing but a sorrow to his father, nothing but a shame. His short life had been crowded with crimes of every description, except murder. He did not understand anything about either of gratitude or honor, but all the same he died with a peaceful smile on his face, his head lying, childlike, on his father's arm.

Half an hour afterward the artist came back into the room and found the umbrella

mender kneeling by the bedside. The candle had burned very low, and the fire sent forth but a feeble flicker. It was bitterly cold.

The artist spoke gently to the umbrella mender, rose from his bench, laid aside his work, and shut up his shop. He then retired into the little inner room, made some tea, contrived a sandwich, and settled himself down to an evening's enjoyment with his books. In a few minutes he was lost in the dear delights of Grote's "Greece"; for Mr. Crocker was a scholar, and looked such, even when he was repairing umbrellas. One might have expected him at any given minute to put away his work and deliver a lecture on some obscure subject—perhaps on the political aspects of the reign of Thothmes the Third, or on the potentialities of the Differential Calculus. One might have expected this in vain, since Mr. Crocker was as sparing of his words as most rich people are of their money. He was short and shriveled, and not unlike a thin umbrella—a thready, shabbily-gentle umbrella, with an uncompromising handle and a long-drawn piece of elastic, and an ancient button, and a well-worn stick which wanted retipping.

The umbrella mender withdrew his arm from beneath his son's head, and suffered the stranger to lead him to the fireside and help him into an easy chair. There was a look of intense pain on the umbrella mender's face. He watched his son's mender knew down and attend to the fire; he was holding every bit of stick put on to it, and once he stepped forward again, picked up the stick which had fallen from the pile, and held it three times into the fire. But the fire would not draw, and so the stranger fetched a newspaper, and he and the umbrella mender held it before the grate until their patience and perseverance were rewarded by success.

"It would be no trouble for me to make you some coffee," said the stranger. "I was always famous for my coffee. Your son used to praise it."

"Thank you," said the umbrella mender, half dreamily. "I should like some. I always enjoy a good cup of coffee. One does not often get it good in England."

"I suppose you don't object to my smoking here?" asked the stranger. "If you think it is not quite reverent just tell me so, and I shall understand."

"Smoke by all means," replied the umbrella mender, watching the young man unkindly. The bright light of the fire fell full on his handsome face; there was no expression of viciousness or wickedness—but a sort of resigned, dull, deadened sadness, as though the young man had honestly tried to make a good thing of life, and all the world had been against him.

"Perhaps you will allow me to offer you a cigarette," suggested the stranger. "Your son gave me these cigarettes a fortnight ago. They are not strong. Try them."

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"earthly wish, I shall have spared you. You see plainly you must die. But I am sorry—yes, I am very sorry. You are a fine young fellow, and I could have loved you."

Bernard Dene took his pipe from his mouth and bent forward again. "Thank you," he said, "it was good of you to say that. I shall never forget that. I suppose you would not shake hands with me—would you?"

"By all means," answered the umbrella mender warmly, and he held out his hand, which Bernard Dene grasped firmly. "I am pleased to have made your acquaintance. You seem to be a gallant young man, and you must not lose heart about yourself. Ah, but I forgot that you had long to live. I suppose that you will kill yourself to-night?"

"Yes, but not for an hour or so," said the artist, rising. "I should like first to show you some of my paintings—as they are. I made a portrait of him. You may be interested in that. If it please you I will make a good one. He is tired. Hush, child! you must not cry. You will wake him. He is tired, and he wants to sleep. You may kiss him on the forehead."

"Oh, how cold!" she said, shrinking back when her lips met the cold forehead. "You... You... You..." said the umbrella mender, holding her hair. "It is still so cold, I am afraid. But to remain here. I can easily make up a bed for you, or you could have mine. I shall not need mine, you know."

"Thank you," said the umbrella mender, "but I think I will go home when it leaves off snowing."

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

The London "Times" Recommends
Retaliation on America.

BULGARIANS PURCHASING ARMS.

Ottawa News—Behring Sea Matters
—The War in Hayti—Mrs.
Maybrick's Case.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

MRS. MAYBRICK.

Some Strange Correspondence Sent to the
Home Secretary.

LIVERPOOL, August 23d.—Mrs. Maybrick received the news of the commutation of her sentence at 2 o'clock this morning. The chaplain of the jail visited her at breakfast time, at which her condition was the weakest since her conviction. She is now completely prostrated, and it is feared she will not live long in confinement.

Bribery, Mrs. Maybrick's paramour, sailed for Boston on the steamer Asia to-day.

The facts concerning the correspondence sent to Home Secretary Matthews by the Queen are as follows: There are many curious and extraordinary misses. Some of the writers declared that they had pledged themselves not to allow Matthews to live a single day after Mrs. Maybrick was hanged, if he should permit the Judge's sentence to be carried out. Women in appropriate respectable positions volunteered to be hanged instead of Mrs. Maybrick, if that would satisfy the Home Secretary. A great number of letters were addressed direct to the Queen, appealing for her to interfere.

MAYBRICK AS AN OPIUM EATER.

NEW YORK, August 23d.—Thomas Stans, an important witness in the Maybrick case, was interviewed here to-day. He arrived from England yesterday. He says the English people are surprised at the verdict.

Concerning the merits of the case, he said he doesn't believe she poisoned him. "I was Mr. Maybrick's body-servant four years before his marriage at Norfolk, Va. I lived with him. Maybrick often complained that he did not feel well, and time again sent him to a drug store to get him medicine. It took half a dollar's worth at a time. I made him a drug store to put the arsenic in and drink it. His partner, Bateson, knew he was using it. Maybrick went to England, got married and returned to Norfolk. I used to superintend all the dinners and receptions, while we were in Maybrick's continued the use of arsenic. Tynedale, my service, the doses of arsenic grew larger, and he wanted more rubbing. For nine years he used arsenic. Captain Thomas, who ran a cotton steamer between Liverpool and Norfolk, a little while before Maybrick's death, met him in Liverpool and advised him to go to a druggist, and Maybrick bought arsenic. The Captain learned that Maybrick was a customer there for the drug. He cautioned him, but Maybrick told him to mind his own business."

BEHRING SEA.

The Sealer Seizes the Subject of Inquiry
in the British Parliament.

LONDON, August 23d.—In the House of Commons Mr. Gorley asked the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs if it was true that the British Government had seized the British sealers Pathfinder and Minnie in Behring Sea, and that other Dominion vessels engaged in the seal fisheries had been boarded and searched, and whether her Majesty's Government intended, prior to the recess, to state what measures were being taken and what diplomatic progress was being made for the purpose of arranging mutually with the United States and the Dominion a system of regulations under which in future seizures might be made or avoided in Alaskan waters, over which America claimed exclusive jurisdiction.

Sir J. Ferguson stated that her Majesty's Government were in communication with the United States Government on the subject. It need scarcely be said that the seizure of the English sealing vessels by American Captains is the subject of much remark and of many speculations, but it is not the first time communications with the United States Government to which the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs alluded yesterday, will result in justice being done. Any attempt to force the subject upon the attention of Parliament would be promptly discouraged by the Government, and, indeed, by the House itself.

VICTORIA'S GROWL.

VICTORIA (B.C.), August 23d.—Much indignation is expressed here at the seizure of the sealers Pathfinder and Minnie. Owners of sealing schooners here are much depressed at the long-continued delay in settling the question of jurisdiction over Behring Sea, and the general feeling among seafarers that owners of schooners will act in their own defense and resist seizure in the future.

DISCONTENT AT MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, August 23d.—The *St. James Gazette*, which supports the Government, devotes a long editorial to the subject of the seizures, and says: "If the United States desires to produce very strained relations with Great Britain, they are achieving their object of success. The seizure, which was evidently planned and provoking, may, if persisted in, lead at any moment to a rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries. The Washington Government should not trade too far on the assumption that John Bull tamely submits to constant indignities."

The editorial strongly suggests the subversion of the Atlantic and Pacific fishery disputes to an impartial tribunal of able diplomats.

TO AVOID BEHRING SEA.

OTTAWA, August 23d.—It is rumored in official circles that the Imperial Government has ordered warships to avoid Behring Sea.

A COMMERCIAL VIEW.

NEW YORK, August 23d.—Sir Alexander Galt of Montreal was interviewed here on the Behring Sea troubles. He don't think anything serious is likely to happen. The United States catches seals; England manufactures sealskins and Germany gets the profits. With the sealers here we'd avoid a disastrous war. Canada will have more trouble with the United States about railroad traffic than the Behring Sea seizures.

WEST INDIES.

The Destruction Wrought at La Coupe
by a Gatling Gun.

NEW YORK, August 23d.—Stephen Preston, aide-de-camp to Legatine, arrived here from France this morning. He says that in the engagement at La Coupe, a gatling gun killed all but 38 out of 200 following the upper turn to the finish, Earl Macgregor being far behind and cutting no figure. It should be said that the heat was trotted fairly and without a skip to within about seventy feet of the wire, when owing to bad judgment in the handling of the run, the upper turn started into a run and galloped under the wire. Whether or not he gained by the break is an open question.

The summary of the races is as follows: Unfinished from yesterday, 2:21 class, Frank Middleton first, Almont second, Sam Cassell third. The others were ruled out. Best time, 2:21.

Washington stake, 2:27 class, Allerton first, Bassenger Boy second, Eliza third, So Long fourth. Best time, 2:28.

Stallion stake, Axstell first, Earl Macgregor second. Time by quarters, 4:33, 1:07, 1:41, 2:14.

In the 2:25 class pacing (unfinished), Maggie R. won the first and second heats. Best time, 2:18.

Unless England takes some active step America will be perfectly content with an interchange of views till doomsday. The Americans will not find us unreasonable on the score of preserving the seals from extinction, but if they persist in refusing to discuss any settlement our only course is to take vigorous steps to insure that our rights are respected.

Danger in London.

LONDON, August 23d.—Other trades are joining the striking dockmen. The men of Pickford & Co., general carriers and agents of the London and Northwestern and other railroads companies are joining them. Their employers in Spain's sugar factory have struck, causing the entire stoppage of the works. All classes of unskilled labor in London threaten to join the strike. Trouble is feared. The police are preparing for a possible emergency.

Illegal Government.

MEXICO, August 23d.—The State Government of Coahuila has been declared illegal by the Courts. This will probably renew disturbances in that section.

Securing Arms.

VIENNA, August 23d.—The Bulgarian authorities purchased 10,000,000 cartridges in this city and are negotiating with a Belgian manufacturer for 50,000 rifles.

EASTERN RACES.

Good Time Made at Saratoga—Axstell Makes a Mile in 2:14.

SARATOGA, August 23d.—The track was fast to-day and the races were run in good time. The weather was pleasant. The result of the races is as follows:

First race, one mile, Second, Fifele second, Le-moine third. Time, 1:19.

Second race, one mile, Eight to Seven won, Cheney second, Boccaccio third. Time, 1:43.

Third race, three-fourths of a mile, St. Luke won, Everett second, Fiddlehead and place. Time, 1:17.

Fourth race, eleven-sixteenths of a mile, Lydia won, Sunshine second, Viente third. Time, 1:09.

Fifth race, one and one-sixteenth miles, Sam D. won, Maid of Orleans second, Fannie third. Time, 1:49.

AT WESTCHESTER.

WESTCHESTER, August 23d.—The weather was cloudy and cool, and the record-breaking fever of the last week has again aroused much interest, that the attendance is as large as usual. The following are the winners and placed horses in the different events:

First race, one and one-eighth miles, Seymour won, Burnside second, Ruprecht third. Time, 1:58.

Second race, seven-eighths of a mile, Lela May won, Climax second, Bradford third. Time, 1:27.

Third race, five-eighths of a mile, Village Maid won, Forham second, Tom Hood third. Time, 1:01.

Fouth race, one and three-eighths miles, Barrister won, Niagara second, Larchmont third. Time, 1:21.

Fifth race, three-fourths of a mile, Miss Belle won, Centura second, King William third. Time, 1:14.

Sixth race, seven-eighths of a mile, Jen. McFarland won, Vivid second, Fannie H. third. Time, 1:29.

RACES TO-MORROW.

WESTCHESTER, August 23d.—The programs to-morrow consists of six events as follows:

First race—A weight-weight free hand race, sweepstakes, for three-year-olds and upward, of \$25 each, if not declared, with \$1,000 added, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Gentlemen riders allowed seven pounds. Distance, five-eighths of a mile.

Second race—For three-year-olds—Entrants, \$10 each, start \$20 per \$1 added, \$1,000 added, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Winners since June 1st of \$3,000 to carry four pounds; twice, seven pounds; thrice, twelve pounds extra. Non-winners in 1889 of \$2,000, allowed \$1,000; twelve pounds; of \$1,500, seven pounds; of \$1,000, twelve pounds; of \$900, seven pounds; of \$500, twelve pounds; of \$300, seven pounds; of \$200, twelve pounds; of \$100, seven pounds; of \$50, twelve pounds; of \$25, twelve pounds.

Third race—Great eclipse stakes for two-year-olds—a sweepstakes of \$250 each, b. f. or only \$25, if declared by July 1, 1889, or \$50, if by August 1, 1889, with \$10,000 added, of which \$2,000 to the second and \$1,000 to the third. Gentlemen riders allowed 212 pounds extra.

Fourth race—New York Jockey Club handicaps—a sweepstakes for all ages of \$100 each, b. f. or only \$25 if declared on the day before the date appointed for the race, with \$5,000 added, of which \$1,000 to the second and \$100 to the third. Closed with 110 entries. Distance, one and one-quarter miles. This is the second year of the race, and the horses are to be run in pairs.

Fifth race—For maidens two and a half years old—a sweepstakes of \$25 each, b. f. or only \$25, added, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Those beaten and not having been placed second in a race of the value of \$2,000 allowed five pounds. Distance, five-eighths of a mile.

Sixth race—Purse, \$1,000, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Entrants, \$10 each, start \$20 per \$1 added, \$1,000 added, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Those beaten and not having been placed second in a race of the value of \$2,000 allowed five pounds. Distance, five-eighths of a mile.

Seventh race—For maidens two and a half years old—a sweepstakes of \$25 each, b. f. or only \$25, added, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Those beaten and not having been placed second in a race of the value of \$2,000 allowed five pounds. Distance, five-eighths of a mile.

Eighth race—For maidens two and a half years old—a sweepstakes of \$25 each, b. f. or only \$25, added, of which \$200 to the second and \$100 to the third. Those beaten and not having been placed second in a race of the value of \$2,000 allowed five pounds. Distance, five-eighths of a mile.

FAST STALLIONS.

CHICAGO, August 23d.—There was a great day's sport at Washington Park to-day. Axstell, the phenomenal three-year-old, trotted to beat his own record, and did so, making the mile in 2:14, and another three-year-old bay stallion, Allerton, in a third of a second, a racing record, made the circuit of the track in 2:18.

Axstell's mile clip, three-quarters of a second from his former record of 2:14, notwithstanding the fact that even that was better than the best previous performance by three or four seconds. It is also within a fraction of a second of the record set by the stallion, King Thomas, 2:13, which stands as the best record for a stallion of any age.

The circumstances under which this record was made are likely to give rise to endless discussion as to whether it was a record in a race or against time.

The first heat as far as the condition of the race served merely as a warmer, being done in 2:19. In the next heat, in which the race was made, the distance was won by Axstell, who had a running horse to accompany and encourage him on the upper turn to the finish, Earl Macgregor being far behind and cutting no figure. It should be said that the heat was trotted fairly and without a skip to within about seventy feet of the wire, when owing to bad judgment in the handling of the run, the upper turn started into a run and galloped under the wire. Whether or not he gained by the break is an open question.

The summary of the races is as follows: Unfinished from yesterday, 2:21 class, Frank Middleton first, Almont second, Sam Cassell third. The others were ruled out. Best time, 2:21.

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This was the last day of racing at the Driving Park. In the 2:23 class Star Lily was first, W. H. Nichols second, Constance third and Lucy R. fourth. Best time, 2:29.

In the free-for-all trotting, Jean Smith was first, Harry Wilkes second, Membrino third. Best time, 2:15.

In the free-for-all race, Roy Wilkes was first, Gossip J. second, Jewel third, Silver Thread fourth.

AT ROYAL PARK.

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AT ROYAL PARK.

By measuring the electricity needed to charge the remaining unbroken part.

How many miles of submarine cable are there in operation?

Over 100,000 miles, or enough to girdle the earth four times.

QUESTIONS ABOUT ELECTRICITY.

Interesting Answers Given to Twenty Leading Ones.

[Compiled from Scribner's Monthly.]

1. How strong a current is used to send a message over a submarine cable?

2. What is the maximum power generated by an electric motor?

3. What is the fastest time made by an electric train?

4. How many miles of submarine cable are there in operation?

5. What is the maximum power generated by an electric motor?

6. How is a break in submarine cable located?

7. How many miles of telegraph wire in operation in the United States?

AN ECHO OF SLAVERY.

The Rights of a Slave's Daughter Established by Superior Judge Levy.